

THE SAN JUAN TIMES.

FARMINGTON, NEW MEXICO.

Cy Warman, author of "Sweet Marie," says he shall in the future write only for his own pleasure. That, alas! is what he did before.

Horses have taken to going crazy whenever they see a woman in bloomers. Not without reason is the horse called man's best friend.

Chicago is trying to stop baseball playing on Sunday, and New Yorkers say they intend to seal up every saloon on Sunday. Such is reform.

Chicago papers claim that efficient police work has caused half the criminals to leave the city. Unless she is careful Chicago will get below the two million limit in population.

It is now charged that a dying man was put out of a hospital in Chicago because he could not hand over the \$10 demanded for a week's lodging. Thank goodness none of them has yet got to the state where it is accused of throwing out the corpses that fall to hand over a fee for embalming. That seems to be coming, however.

The people residing in the vicinity of Curtis, Neb., have formally repudiated the appeals for further assistance for them on account of the drought of last year. The real drought sufferers are too busy with their promising new crops this year to pay any attention to the misleading statements which a few professional beggars are circulating.

The convicts in Sing Sing prison are "laying for" McLaughlin, the New York police inspector sent up for extortion. It appears that a good many of them were sent up under McLaughlin's regime, and they have sworn to get even, if they have to lynch the unhappy inspector in the prison to do it. The threats are so numerous and so determined that the prison authorities have taken the matter up with a view to the proper protection of the ex-inspector.

The old settlers of Portage County, Wisconsin, had a reunion at Plover a few days ago. Among those present was Benjamin Ellis, now 82 years old, who was a passenger on the first train of cars run in the United States, between Boston and Lowell, sixty years ago. Mr. Ellis was born in the State of Maine, and was in Boston when the first experiment in railroad was made. A track was laid around Fanueil Hall and a car placed on it. The power was applied by men who turned a crank, and he was one of them. This was six years before the railroad from Boston to Lowell was built.

At a recent meeting of the French Senate Committee on the Colonies M. Chautemps, the Minister of Marine, began to read a bulky report on the present condition of the colonies. At the very first words several senators showed signs of restlessness, and finally one of them, bolder than the rest, said: "Pardon me, M. le Ministre, but you are reading an old report with which we are well acquainted, as it was read to us by one of your predecessors." Several members of the committee began to smile. M. Chautemps muttered an apology and, folding up his papers, bowed himself out.

The average expenses of the students at Yale College, according to the senior class book, are \$912 for the freshman year, \$943 for the sophomore, \$942 each for the junior and senior years. There are many students whose expenses are much less than these amounts, but there are many others whose expenses are much more, to raise the average to more than the earning capacity of the average graduate for several years at least after he leaves college. These figures would require an earning capacity of from \$18 to \$20 a week, or more than \$3 a day for the six working days of the week. How many college graduates can secure positions where they will earn \$20 a week?

The English Liberals are still asserting that they were turned out of power by a "snap vote." As it is evident that the whole question of the political complexion of Parliament will shortly be settled by an appeal to the country, it might be the wiser part for the Liberals to strive to show cause why they should be restored to power rather than to waste time in whimpering over the way in which they were deprived of it. At this distance it does not seem that the late Liberal regime in Parliament has produced any tangible results. None of the reforms promised has been effected. Under Gladstone, as under Rosebery, the Liberals were impotent to overcome the inertia of existing conditions. A Conservative Parliament, if it were to assume a reactionary policy, may accomplish more for real Liberalism in England than has the Liberal party as it has been constituted of late years.

A GODDESS' REVENGE.



IF YOU had been in a certain part of Greece one day a long time ago you might have heard ringing through the deep woods and over hill and dale the clear sound of the hunter's horn and the quick, sharp bark of the staghound, for a party of young nobles were on the chase.

Little cared they for the tender, reproachful look that is said to come from the great eyes of the wounded deer, nor for the agony of the poor creature as it falls beneath the infuriated attack of the dogs and lies there torn and bleeding. If you had suggested this phase of the question to them they would, perhaps, have stared at you in utter amazement.

It was their pleasure to hunt, to chase the deer from its quiet retreats into the open glades, where their fierce dogs might yelp at its heels and finally leap upon its quivering flanks and drag it to the earth.

Or, if the hunter's fortune favored them, they might send their hurtling javelins into the vitals of their prey, thus keeping for themselves the cruel victory that usually hung upon the sharp fangs of their dogs.

But what would you have? It was an age when men killed, not only brutes, but each other, for the pure love of killing, an age of blood-letting, of unbridled passions, of cruelty and death.

No wonder, then, that these young nobles would have stared amazed if you had suggested that their so-called sport was the very essence of cruelty and heartlessness; that they had the right to hunt game for food, but not the right to torture and kill inoffensive creatures for the gratification of a purely cruel instinct.

How would they have liked to change places with the deer? Let us see! My story will tell you.

At the head of this party of young nobles was a handsome prince named Actaeon, son of the King Cadmus. He was the pet of the court, brave, adventurous and sometimes reckless. Perhaps he had his good points, as such things went in those days, but on the chase he was fearless, persistent, relentless, and the greatest happiness that could befall him was to be "in at the death."

All the forenoon had the party been wetting their weapons with the blood of their victims, and when the sun-god reached the mid-way point in his daily course and was sending down his beams hot upon the parched earth, Actaeon proposed to his companions that they rest in the shade of the trees.

Calling in the dogs, they threw themselves upon the sward, and while they ate the viands that slaves had brought with them and drank many deep draughts of rich red wine, they gossiped of the affairs at court and told each other many stories of individual adventure.

Presently Actaeon, tiring, perhaps, of



TEARING, RENDING, LACERATING the idle gossip of his friends, rose and wandered off among the trees, wandered idly, without a purpose, seeking in the silence of the woods, mayhap, a momentary distraction from the silly nothings with which his companions were beguiling the time.

Now, not far from where the hunters were resting was a beautiful valley into which the foot of mortal might not intrude with impunity. It was inclosed with cypresses and tall pines, so arched and interlocked that they formed a verdant screen for what the valley might contain.

At the far end of the valley was a cave, in making which nature had imitated art, for the roof of the cave was formed of stones that fitted as perfectly and delicately as if turned by the hand of man.

Just within the entrance of this cave was a fountain, whose limpid waters gushed joyously from the rock and poured themselves into a round basin whose edge was a rim of never-dying grass.

It was a spot of surpassing beauty, and no wonder the foliage of the cypresses and pines had contrived to hide it from the gaze of the chance wanderer, for it was sacred to Diana, the chaste goddess of the hunt.

It was there that she repaired, when weary of the chase, to bathe her beautiful limbs in the clear water, for there she was safe from all eyes, secure from all intrusion.

That is to say, she had been free from intrusion until the day of which I speak, when Actaeon and his friends were hunting in the adjoining woods. Just at the time that the young prince left his party and began to stroll aimlessly about, the goddess had sought her quiet retreat, accompanied by her nymphs, and was preparing to take her midday bath.

Laying down her spear, her bow and her quiver filled with arrows, she threw off her robe and stood there in the midst of her fair attendants, the very

embodiment of virgin loveliness and beauty.

Suddenly her nymphs uttered a joint cry of amazement and alarm, for there, looking at the sacred scene, was a man, the only one that had ever seen Diana unrobed!

It was Actaeon, and surely it was the Fates that led him thus to his destiny. He was standing in the entrance to the cave.

The nymphs crowded around the goddess, trying to conceal her by making a screen of their bodies, but she overtopped them all, and they could not hide her.

Over her face spread the blush of modesty surprised, and, obeying a sudden and natural impulse, she reached down at her side for an arrow; but it was not there.

Then, facing the bold intruder, she took up a handful of water from the basin, and throwing it full in his face, she cried:

"Thus does Diana punish the intruder upon her sacred privacy!"

And then happened something passing strange. Even while Actaeon was trying to excuse himself by saying that his intrusion was unintentional, his tongue lost the power of speech, his ears grew sharp pointed, great horns grew out of his head, his hands became feet, his arms long legs and his body took on a coat of spotted hair.

He was Actaeon no longer, but a stag of the forest!

Trembling with terror, he turned and fled. Through the wooded glades he ran so swiftly that he could not but admire his speed, but when he stopped to drink from a brook and saw reflected there the stag's horns that grew from his head, he was overcome with remorse.

What should he do? Where should he go? Not to the palace, which that morning he had left as a handsome young prince. He dared not return there as a stag. For you must know that he retained the consciousness of a man, in spite of his form as a stag.

While he stood there undecided what to do, the dogs saw him. One gave the signal to the others by barking, and then the whole pack rushed after him. He was the hunter no longer; he was the hunted! Now he knew what it was to have a score of hounds barking and yelping and snarling at his heels, threatening every instant to leap upon him and tear out his life!

Swiftly as the wind he bounded through the forest, trying all the time to utter his well-known hunting cry so that the dogs might hear and understand his voice. But not a sound escaped his lips. Even as the hunted stag rushes on, panting, breathless, agonized by fear, so rushed Actaeon, hunted by his own dogs!

Then he heard the cries of his companions as they followed the dogs, all enjoying the rare sport and wishing that Actaeon was there to enjoy it, too.

Over rocks and cliffs, through vales and across streams he ran, closely followed by his dogs, and the dogs closely followed, in turn, by the young nobles.

Oh, it was great sport, this chasing of the deer through the forest depths! How he had enjoyed it when he was the chaser! Now how different it was!

Again and again he essayed to cry out to his dogs and to his friends, but the cries were stifled on his trembling lips, and his panting sides ached with the terrible labor of the chase that they were giving him.

"I am Actaeon, your master!" he would have cried to the dogs.

"I am Actaeon, your prince and your friend!" he would have cried to the young nobles.

But the words would not come! He could think and he could feel, but he could not speak!

Then one of the dogs, running close by his side, sprang upon his back, and another seized him by the shoulder. And while they held him with their cruel teeth, the rest of the pack came up and sprang upon him.

The young nobles cheered on the dogs and cried out in their enjoyment of the sport. Again they called for Actaeon, wishing that he were there, and wondering what had become of him.

It was soon over. Tearing, rending, lacerating his flesh, the dogs merely did what he had made them do hundreds of times, and in a few minutes his spirit left his suffering body and went out upon the wings of the wind!

The revenge of the goddess was terrible, but who shall say that it does not teach a good lesson?

THINGS A WOMEN MAY DO.

Six of them can talk at once and get along first-rate, and no two men can do that.

She can throw a stone with a curve that would be a fortune to a base-ball pitcher.

She can say "no" in such a low voice that it means "yes."

She can sharpen a lead pencil if you give her plenty of time and plenty of pencils.

She can safely stick fifty pins in her dress while he is getting one under his thumb nail.

She can come to a conclusion without the slightest reasoning on it, and no sane man can do that.

She can appreciate a kiss from her husband seventy years after the marriage ceremony is performed.

She can dance all night in a pair of shoes two sizes too small for her, and enjoy every minute of the time.

She can walk half the night with a colicky baby in her arms without once expressing the desire of murdering the infant.

She is as cool as a cucumber in half a dozen tight dresses and skirts, while a man will sweat and fume and growl in one loose shirt.

She can talk as sweet as peaches and cream to a woman she hates, while two men would be punching each other's heads before they had exchanged ten words.

Quicksilver, poured in a glass, will not fill it to the brim, as it forms a convex surface, and is higher in the center than at the brim.

W. R. BOWMAN, ATTORNEY AT LAW

Practices in all State, Territorial and Federal Courts.
Farmington, - - New Mexico.

V. R. N. GREAVES, Attorney at Law, Farmington, New Mexico.

DR. A. ROSENTHAL, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

Farmington, - - New Mexico.

L. L. HENRY, ATTORNEY.

Aztec, - - New Mexico.

H. B. HAWKINS,

COUNTY SURVEYOR AND CIVIL ENGINEER.

Mapping and platting of all kinds promptly done.

Farmington, - - New Mexico.

The Commercial Hotel.

T. F. Burgess, Proprietor
Durango, - Colorado

EVERYTHING FIRST-CLASS.

O. PHELPS, BOOT & SHOE MAKER.

First class work done. . . .
Leave orders at P. O. at Farmington.

The GRAND LIVERY STABLE.

F. B. ALLEN, Proprietor.
Farmington, - New Mexico.

Good Rigs and Saddle Horses constantly on hand.
Feed and Sale Stable and Corral in connection.

SAM J. HOOD,

Manufacturer of and Dealer in
Rough and Dressed Lumber.
Shingles, Lath and
Fruit Box material.

Mills and yard nine miles East of Durango. P. O. address, box 120,
Durango, - - - Colo.

The First National Bank of Durango.
Established 1881.
Paid in capital - \$87,000.00
Surplus fund - 10,000.00
OFFICERS: A. P. Camp, President; John L. McNeil, V. P.; Wm. P. Valle, Cashier.

For first class work

- GO TO -

B. GLASER, IMPORTING TAILOR

He employs none but first class tailors to do his work.

Mail orders promptly attended to. . . .
BOX 553. Durango, Colo.

THE DURANGO Cornice and Sheet Metal Works

C. F. ARMSTRONG, Prop.
Galvanized Iron AND Copper Cornices.
Patent Iron Skylights. Tin Roofing.
Mail orders solicited. 43
3d door below Strater hotel,
DURANGO, - - COLO.

Santa Fe Route.

- THE -

SHORT LINE

TO
CHICAGO,
ST. LOUIS AND
KANSAS C'Y

Through Pullman Sleepers
Without Change.

See that your tickets read via this line.
Agents of the company will furnish time tables on application.

G. T. Nicholson, G. P. & T. A.,
Topeka, Kansas.
C. H. Morehouse, G. F. & T. A.,
El Paso, Texas.

Atlantic & Pacific R. R.

(Western Division) CONNECTIONS.

ALBUQUERQUE-A. T. & A. F. R. R. for all points west and south.
ASH FORD-Santa Fe, Prescott & Phoenix railway for points in central and southern Arizona.

BLAKE-Nevada Southern railway for Manvel and connection with stage lines for Vandervelt and mining districts north.

BALSTOW-Southern California railway for Los Angeles, San Diego and other California points.

MOJAVE-Southern Pacific Company for San Francisco, Sacramento and other Northern California points.

Pullman Palace Sleeping Cars.

Sleeping car passengers between San Francisco, Los Angeles or San Diego and Chicago do not have to change cars.

The Atlantic & Pacific Railroad.

The Great Middle Route across the American Continent in connection with the railways of the

"Santa Fe Route."
Liberal Management,
Superior Facilities,
Picturesque Scenery,
Excellent Accommodation.

The Grand Canon of the Colorado, the most sublime of nature's work on the earth, indescribable, can easily be reached via Flagstaff, Williams or Beach Springs on this road. To the Natural Bridge of Arizona and Montezuma's Well you can journey most directly by this line. Observe the ancient Indian civilization of Laguna, or of Acoma, "The City of the Sky." Visit the petrified forest near Carrizo. See and marvel at the freak of Canon Diablo. Take a hunting trip in the magnificent pine forests of the San Francisco mountains. Find interest in the ruins of the prehistoric Cave and Cliff Dwellers. View the longest cantilever bridge in America across the Colorado river.
J. J. BYRNE, Asst. Gen. Pass. Agt.
General Pass. Agt., Assn. Gen. Pass. Agt.
Low Angeles, Cal. San Francisco, Cal.
H. S. VAN SLYCK, Gen'l Agt., Albuquerque, N. M.